TO REAR SILKWORMS HERE.

MISS KELLY SURE IT CAN BE DONE IN THIS COUNTRY.

Causes of Failures Hitherto—Things She Learned About the Silk Industry in Italy —Her Plan Means $50,000,000 a Year Kept at Home—A Chance for the South.

BLOWING ROCK, N. C., Sept. 6.—At a table littered with books in three or four languages, typewriter to left of her, microscope to sight of her, an enthusiastic little woman is working at a scheme that may mean that $50,000,000 which now is sent out of this country every year, will be kept at home.

The name of this patriotic enthusiast is Henrietta Aiken Kelly, and she proposes to keep that snug little $50,000,000 in this country by means of the silk industry.

"Oh, yes!" says somebody. "I know that dream. Miss Kelly is not the first one who has thought that the United States might as well rear silkworms and manufacture silk instead of sending all that money—I admit the $50,000,000 annually—to swell the coffers of France and Italy and Japan. Oh, yes, it's a nice dream. But Miss Kelly will wake up after a while."

It must be confessed that for a dreamer of dreams, Miss Kelly seems to be pretty wide awake. If she is dreaming, so is the Department of Agriculture of the United States.

What is more the Department has backed up its dreams with an appropriation of $10,000 to make them come true. It has also appointed Miss Kelly a special field agent to manage the good work.

"But how——" begin the many who have had the same dream and wakened with a jolt of failure.

Here is the story of how it all came about; a story of pluck and persistence with a dash of happy accident.

Miss Kelly is a Charlestonian, as her ancestors were before her. For twenty years she was at the head of one of the foremost schools for girls in the South. In that way her attention was drawn to the problem of education in the South, and she finally determined to go to Europe and see if she could find there a system which would produce something beside men fitted only to be accountants and women fitted only to be teachers.

"This is an agricultural country," says Miss Kelly, "and what we want is to teach our poor, white and black, how they can get a living out of the soil."

In Europe she took various courses in biology and other scientific branches. She matriculated at the Sorbonne, did laboratory work at the Jardin des Plantes, in Geneva and in Italy. She remained abroad six years, three of which she spent in Italy. It was there that she was accidently attracted to the study of silk culture.

"Near Milan," said Miss Kelly, in relating the story, "I became a visitor at the castle of the Duc de Litta—Visconti-Arese, whose wife was an American girl of my acquaintance. Sericulture is carried on extensively on the Duke's estate and it happened to be the season of the gathering of the cocoons. The peasants would bring them in large baskets, strapped to their backs, and pour them in great golden heaps in the inner courtyard where they were weighed.

"The picturesqueness and beauty of the scene fascinated me at first, and then I began to look into the subject from a practical point of view. Finally I said to the Duke: 'See here, I'm going to translate the best of your books on silk culture and you've got to help me.'

"You see," and Miss Kelly laughed cheerfully, "I didn't understand the language, so it did seem somewhat of an undertaking. The Duke laughed at me and asked me if I expected him to help me save money for America at the expense of Italy, but I told him that there was room for a silk industry in both countries, and either he was reassured or else his native courtesy would not permit him to do anything but his best for me.

"Well, I worked on. I learned the language and I studied and translated and worked under the scientific experts. But I wasn't content with that.

"I went among the peasants and observed all their methods. I got the silkworm eggs and made a number of rearings myself. I left no stone unturned to gain the knowledge which those people have accumulated through centuries of experience. Why, there on the Duke's estate they have been raising silkworms for 600 years.

"During the time that I was studying and experimenting I began a correspondence with the Department of Agriculture in this country. I think I must have written enough letters to fill a book.

"I would see in the American papers statements that sericulture could not be made profitable over here. Some society women had raised thousands of dollars to introduce it as a sort of pretty philanthropy for the poor people, and after several years their dollars had melted away, and a few cocoons, comparatively speaking, had been produced at a cost which was greater than their value. That settled it. Sericulture was impossible in America.

"Why, it's absurd, you know. Who would think of going into electricity, or chemistry or any other science, without being trained and learning the principles of it? People seem to think that if you have some silkworm eggs, or seed as they are called, and a few mulberry trees, that is all that's necessary.

"People who have tried sericulture in this country make one fatal mistake at the very outset. They save their own seed. Nobody does that abroad. The poorest peasant buys his seed of the bacological institution where it has been selected and so he is certain of getting healthy worms.

"You know at one time, the silk industry of Italy and of France was threatened with destruction. A disease attacked the worms and became so widespread that the most noted investigators in Europe were set to work on the problem.

"An Italian scientist discovered the sign of the disease, an oval corpuscle which was named after him; the corpuscle cornalia. Pasteur was one of the men experimenting with the disease and while he did not discover a cure he did discover a way of selecting only healthy eggs for rearing.

"The layings are received at the laboratory, each one being numbered and, of course, accompanied by the mother moth which laid them. The body of the moth is crushed, mixed with a little water and microscopically examined.

"If the tell-tale corpuscle is found the eggs of that moth are burned. If there are no signs of the corpuscle then those eggs will be healthy. There, at the very outset, the amateurish experiments in this country have been at fault.

"Then there comes another important point. The seed, or eggs, must be hibernated. They must be kept in a place where the temperature does not rise more than a few degrees above freezing.

"They can support a much lower temperature with impunity but if exposed to a higher one the eggs begin to develop out of season. The eggs must therefore be kept at a hibernating station whence they are given out when the time approaches for them to be used.

"This time varies in Italy from the latter part of March to the middle of May, according to the season, the altitude and so on. The hatching of the seed must be gauged by the leafing of the mulberry tree.

"The worms must be hatched just as the young and tender leaves come out. As the worms grow they are fed with the larger and older leaves.

"During the hatching of the worms the seed must be kept in a room where the temperature is the same day and night. How many of the experimenters in this country have been particular on that point, do you think? In Italy, in order to simplify things, one woman takes charge of the hatching for the entire neighborhood and when the worms are out each peasant goes to her for the quantity he wants.

"Once the worms are hatched you must educate them. Some of them hatch out the first day, more the second and the third day, and finally the slow coaches come out on the fourth day.

"If it is a good hatching in point of numbers, you throw away the worms which have come out on the first and the fourth day because there is too much difference between them, your object throughout being to get your rearing as nearly as possible of a uniform size and of uniform habits.

"That is what I mean by educating the worms. For instance, as soon as the first day's hatching is out you place over the paper, on which you have spread out the eggs, a piece of netting, or perforated paper, or something of that sort, on this you sprinkle young mulberry leaves chopped into fine pieces.

"The worms will then crawl up through the holes so as to feed on the leaves. You then lift them off, resting on this netting or paper, and put them on one of a number of tiers of shelves. Each day you put over them a new piece of netting, or something having openings through which the worms can crawl up to a new supply of leaves; each day, that is, except when the worms take a nap. Four times during their life of about six weeks they take a sleep, each time of twenty-four hours.

"At first they may not all go to sleep at the same time but you must try to train them to get together on that point. If some of them waken before the others do, you must not feed them until all are awake.

"When they are all awake give them plenty of food. Also see that they have plenty of air.

"They are exceedingly accommodating when well trained, these little worms. They never crawl about unless they are not supplied with food.

"Finally, however, they show signs of restlessness and you may know that they are uneasily hunting for a place to spin. Then you take your bundles of branches which you have already prepared and set these up between the shelves where the worms are spread out.

"They will crawl up among the top twigs and set to work on their cocoons. As soon as the worms are through spinning, the peasants strip the cocoons off the fagots and sell them. You see they weigh a little heavier then than they do later.

"Silk culture has failed in this country because the attempts have been ignorantly conducted. For instance the trees have not been good.

"They are three kinds of mulberries, the red, the white and the non-fruit-bearing. The red is not good for use in silk-worm culture, yet it has been indiscriminately used over here. Furthermore the trees are not properly treated.

"The Italians have discovered that the vertical portions of a tree bear the most wood, the horizontal branches the most fruit and the oblique branches the most leaves. As it is leaves they want for the silkworm they lop off the undesirable portions of the tree so that it becomes in shape like an inverted cone or pyramid, the point resting on the trunk where the branches begin to shoot.

"Trees are trimmed with mathematical precision, so that at the end of three years' growth a tree is a stem with twenty-four almost equi-distant branches. Now, where will you find trees thus treated in this country?

"The peasants with whom I came in contact over in Lombardy sold their cultures for from $35 to $60 each. This is not a great deal, but one must remember that they have little land and less room.

"This sum was easily earned by the more helpless members of the families, the children and old people. That is why I say it will mean so much to the people here in the South. In five or six weeks the children, or the women, or the old people, can earn more than they could make in any other way.

"And if we raise the silk, we shall have silk mills. We used to raise cotton and export it. Now we have cotton mills. It will be the same way with silk."

"How did you get your appointment?" Miss Kelly was asked.

"Secretary Wilson had written me to stop in Washington on my way home. I did so, and had a long talk with Dr. L. O. Howard of the entomological division. Dr. Howard is in Europe now, and has just visited Lombardy to look into the matter for himself. I expect to hear from him almost any day.

"My appointment followed my visit to Washington. My first duties are the preparation of two monographs; one on silkworm culture, the other on the culture of the mulberry tree. These will be ready for the printer this fall, as they are already nearing completion.

"I have also authorization to travel through North and South Carolina and investigate conditions, learn what has been done and what can be done.

"When I was in Italy I persuaded the Duke to send a thousand trees to this country to be set out upon his mother-in-law's plantation near Charleston. Without proper attention they have, nevertheless, done very well.

"Seven hundred are alive and have grown much more luxuriantly than they do in Italy. Over there a tree sometimes grows to be 300 years old, and a grafted tree grows to be 100 years old.

"When I came home I brought some of the silkworm seed with me and I gave small quantities to persons who asked for it. But what would you have? It isn't seed they need. It is knowledge.

"They don't know how to take care of the seed when they get it. What must be done is to establish a college of sericulture where we can have a model silk farm with Italian peasants to demonstrate the practical part of the work and experts to teach the scientific side of it. Here we can train teachers for agricultural colleges as well as teach those who want to go into silk culture as a practical part of agriculture.

"I wish that a part of the $10,000,000, which has been set aside for educational work in the South, could go to a school where people would be taught how to make a living and where sericulture would come in for the prominence it will have, sooner or later, in this region.

"Evidently people all over the country are interested in it now," said Miss Kelly, pointing to piles of letters. "These have come to me since my appointment was made public.

"Unfortunately, I cannot answer them or I should never get these monographs done. When these are printed the Department will send them to people who are interested. In the meantime these inquiries continue to accumulate. It looks as if there are other people who would like to keep that $50,000,000 at home, doesn't it?"

Wonderful Old Men.

From Chambers's Journal.

Men of thought have always been distinguished for their age. Solon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon, and Xenophon were octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over 80. Michelangelo and Titian were 89 and 99 respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be 80. Many men have done excellent work after they have passed 80 years. Landor wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" when 85. Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at 90. Hahnemann married at 80 and was working at 91. Michelangelo was still painting his giant canvases at 89, and Titian at 90 worked with the vigor of his early years. Fontenelle was as light-hearted at 98 as at 40, and Newton at 83 worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at 95 than at 30, and as happy as a sandboy. At Hanover Dr. Du Boisy was still practising as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of 103. William Reynold Salmon, M. R. C. S., of Conbridge, Glamorganshire, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of 106. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the oldest Free Mason in the world.

APPLE BUTTER DAY IS NEAR.

FESTIVAL OF AN ANCIENT PENNSYLVANIA SECT.

Observed Yearly on Sept. 24 by the Schwenkfelders Since 1734—They Are Prosperous and Up-to-Date Farmers—Few Changes Among Them Since They Fled Hither From Germany.

Apple Butter Day will be celebrated by the Schwenkfelders of Pennsylvania on Wednesday, Sept. 24, in their meeting house at Hosensack. Among the devout members of the sect the occasion is known as "Gedaechtnisz Tag," or Memorial Day. Its popular name refers to the most conspicuous feature of the noonday repast that is a regular part of the services.

The Pennsylvania Schwenkfelders are known far and wide as the makers of the best apple butter in the world, and this year, by reason of the prolific crop of apples in southeastern Pennsylvania, the Memorial Day celebration promises to be a conspicuous success. While the Schwenkfelders number fewer than 1,500 persons in all, they include the most prosperous farmers of the rich agricultural region in and near the Perkiomen Valley.

Because of the prominence the Schwenkfelders have attained through their thrift and industry, their quaint yearly festival arouses the interest of thousands of persons outside their fold. In many of the rural communities the occasion is a holiday, and from the larger towns and cities come relatives and friends to spend the autumn day amid the picturesque hills and valleys of the Schwenkfelder country.

Although primarily a religious festival, the Gedaechtnisz Tag celebration also partakes largely of the nature of a great family reunion, for, as a result of the Church's rigid watch over the matrimonial affairs of its adherents, the membership to-day is restricted almost entirely to the descendants of the Schwenkfelder families that crossed the Atlantic and settled in Pennsylvania early in the eighteenth century. There are scarcely more than two score family names among all the Schwenkfelders. Kriebel, or Krieble, appears most frequently. Others often encountered are Anders, Seipt, Schultz, Heebner, Dresher, Hartranft, Gerhard, Brecht, Meschter, Heydriak and Hoffman.

Their farms, the largest and best in that part of the State, have been bequeathed from generation to generation, and each succeeding owner has sought to enhance his heritage by keeping in touch with the most modern methods of farming. While sedulously guarding against changing the ancient customs of their faith, the Schwenkfelders never oppose real progress, as some of the other Pennsylvania German sects have done.

One of the most successful coöperative agricultural organizations in the United States is the Worcester Farmers' Union, in Montgomery county, which was organized and is largely controlled by Schwenkfelders. The union has nearly a thousand members within a distance of twenty miles from Worcester.

All farm supplies are purchased at wholesale rates by the union and then distributed among the members. Weekly meetings are held in the union's own building and there is an interchange among members of opinions concerning agricultural topics, while at frequent intervals lectures on scientific farming are delivered by men who are authorities in their lines.

Furthermore, entertainments of general interest are given, so that the farmer's entire family may have a direct share in the union's benefits. The organization has been in existence about twelve years and has helped many a farmer to solve the vexing problem of how to make both ends meet—and also overlap somewhat. It is now building a telephone system to connect the homes of its members, and it is further proposed to supply electric power for all who may choose to use it for illumination or for operating farm machinery.

Although the smallest of the many sects that fled to Pennsylvania to escape persecution in Europe, the Schwenkfelder organization is the only one that sets apart annually a day on which the members meet to give thanks for their release from the religious thraldom of the Old World. This is the purpose of their Gedaechtnisz Tag, for on Sept. 24, 1734, the first Schwenkfelders, who had landed at Philadelphia two days before, held a thanksgiving service in recognition of their safe arrival.

Ever since their founder, Casper Schwenkfeld von Ossig, a Silesian nobleman of the sixteenth century, had disagreed with Luther over the nature of the sacraments and therefore decided to discontinue both baptism and communion until their purpose should be better understood, his followers had been subjected to ridicule, imprisonment and death under Catholic and Protestant rulers. Finally they emigrated in a body to America in 1734.

After their thanksgiving service on Sept. 24, 1734, a meal consisting of bread, butter, apple butter and cider was served. Annually since that time the Schwenkfelders meet on Sept. 24 to celebrate their Gedaechtnisz Tag, and between the morning and afternoon services a repast is served similar to that of 1734, except that the apple butter is more plentiful and water is substituted for cider.

A chief concern of the Schwenkfelders from the beginning has been the education and the religious and moral training of their children. They had Sunday schools in Europe more than two hundred years before Robert Raikes, in 1781, opened at Gloucester, England, the school which is commonly supposed to have been the beginning of the Sunday school system.

As early as 1543 they printed a manual for Sunday school instruction. Moreover they provided a school fund, by means of which they gave their children a secular education until the introduction of the public school system. At present the denomination maintains a seminary at Pennsburg, where several hundred students are enrolled.

No Schwenkfelder is ever sent to an almshouse or allowed to become a public charge. Because of the traits of the people, few such instances could occur, but provision is made for possible misfortune by a poor fund amounting to about $10,000, from which assistance is given the needy.

The Schwenkfelders have only seven houses of worship. Six clergymen minister to the spiritual needs of the congregations, confining their labors not to one church but serving an entire district.

In the Lower District are the churches at Worcester, Towamencin and Lower Salford in the central part of Montgomery county. It is not customary to hold services in each church every Sunday; instead a system of rotation is followed, whereby all the clergymen are present at every service. Thus, each church is open for preaching once in three weeks, or by holding additional afternoon services, once in two weeks.

The Upper District also has three churches but only one pastor, the Rev. Dr. O. S. Kriebel, president of Perkiomen Seminary, at Pennsburg. He preaches on succeeding Sundays at Hosensack and Krausdale in the northwest corner of Montgomery county and at Clayton in the lower part of Berks county. For several years the Schwenkfelders have also conducted a mission in Philadelphia.

Pastors were formerly chosen by lot from among the members, and the minister was not required to abandon his secular employment. Of the present pastors two are engaged in farming one is a practising physician and one a seminary president.

Theological training is now deemed desirable when the choice of a clergyman is under consideration. Another important change accomplished within recent years has been the restoration of baptism and communion.

The Schwenkfelders make no attempt to proselyte among their neighbors, but they adopt ample provisions to retain all who are born in their faith. In this, as well as in their opposition to warfare, oaths and unnecessary personal adornments and their partiality for plain meeting houses, they resemble the Society of Friends.

There is nothing stiff, formal or exclusive about the Schwenkfelders. Hospitality and kindliness are characteristics of all these people.

Hosensack, where the meeting will be held this year, is the site of the earliest Schwenkfelder settlements. Its peculiar name, being German for "Trousers' Pocket," is said to have been bestowed because once a German teamster who drove into the valley on a dark night met with an accident and after vainly trying to adjust his wrecked wagon, exclaimed:

"Hier is ts so dunkel als wie in'm Hosensack." ("It's as dark here as in a trousers' pocket.")

At the meeting in Hosensack the Schwenkfelders will be particularly interested to learn of the progress made by Dr. Chester D. Hartranft in writing their history. Dr Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn., is now in Europe, collecting material for a comprehensive history of Schwenkfeld and his followers, the work being conducted under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Schwenkfelders.

NEW YORK'S GROWING WEALTH.

Distribution of the Increase Among the Counties of the State.

There has been a material gain in wealth and a sweeping reduction in State taxes in New York since 1897. The increase in taxable wealth in New York during the past five years of industrial and economic expansion has not, however, been equally distributed, the more prosperous counties paying a larger percentage of State tax than those which have gained less.

Thus the proportion of the State tax paid in St. Lawrence has declined from .64 to .57, in Yates county from .22 to .18, in Westchester from 2.80 to 2.66, in Jefferson county from .64 to .56, and in Oswego from .52 to .48.

On the other hand, some counties have gained correspondingly in the proportion of the State tax paid by them, and those within the limitations of the Greater New York have increased most—Richmond (Staten Island) from .60 to .89, Queens from 1.92 to 2.15, and New York from 47.5 to 50.3. Kings county has gained slightly and Suffolk's percentage has risen from .54 to .76.

Three New York counties which have gained disproportionately are Hamilton, Onondaga and Tompkins. The gain in Hamilton, which includes the largest part of the territory of the Adirondacks, is due to the development of that region, the gain in Onondaga to the increase in business in Syracuse, and the gain in Tompkins to the larger manufactories in the town of Ithaca, which turn out typewriters, firearms, clocks and agricultural implements.

The city of Schenectady has, through electric interests, gained largely, but the towns of the county outside of Schenectady have not, and thus the county collectively shows no advance.

The farming districts of New York and more especially of western New York, brought into acute competition with the West, advance slowly, but the cities and large towns which have gained for New York its well earned distinction as the great manufacturing State of the country show everywhere large gains in wealth as they do in population.

LIFE IN YUCATAN.

Five Years' Residence Enough to Make an American Look Like a Mexican.

A residence of five years in Yucatan will make an American look like a Mexican and dress like one. That is the impression one gets in looking at many of the passengers who troop down the gangway from the steamers arriving from Mexico.

This is true to a greater extent in the case of women than of men. The climate of Yucatan seems to take the color from their cheeks and to replace it with a very light shade of copper. They chatter Spanish as if it were their mother tongue, but it is their dress, or, rather, the manner in which they wear it, that has the real look of the middle-class Mexican.

A Mexican woman, if young, has an attractive air from the top of her head to her waist. Below the waist she looks sloppy. The skirt is too wide and too long and is so shapeless as to be utterly lacking in style. It is of the street-cleaning variety, and the wearer does not seem to know how to pick it up in a way to show it or herself to advantage.

The American woman who lives long in the country falls into this habit with a facility that is painful to the American man who lives at home. But Americans who live in Yucatan are, generally speaking, making money, particularly if they are interested in hemp, and they find consolation in this fact.

Since the outbreak of the Spanish war the manufacture of hemp from sisal has become a principal business of Yucatan and haciendados who devote themselves to the growing of the plant and turning it into hemp are making ropes of money. Merida, the capital of Yucatan, is, it is said, the richest city in Mexico in proportion to its population, which is placed anywhere from 50,000 to 90,000.

It is also the dirtiest city in Mexico, which is saying something very unpleasant, for there are few clean cities in the sister republic. Merida has neither a water nor a sewerage system and that it is not depopulated every year speaks well for the constitutions of the inhabitants, and may, also, say something for the beer which is drunk there and is made on the spot by Americans.

WHY HE WAS DISCHARGED.

Proof of His Bad Memory Supplied to a Trolley Car Conductor.

"When a trolley conductor is discharged there's a mighty poor chance of his getting a reasonable answer if he asks the wherefore of his dismissal," remarked a starter last night. "One reason of this is that there are gangs and teams of grafters going from city to city who don't do a thing but beat the street railroad companies.

"They have got it down to a science. Most of them are good actors and can play green so as to fool an old-timer. It requires a cunning fellow to do this or he will give himself away the moment he reaches for the bell cord or clock strap, or even by the way he digs up and gives out change.

"I got fooled by one a few weeks ago. He appeared to be as raw as if he had just passed the Barge Office. Before starting on his first trip with the breaker-in he asked me:

"'Do I be expected to pay my fare when I'm breaking in?'

"He lasted a month and he'd have had money enough to buy a car for himself if a Brooklyn inspector hadn't recognized him as being one of the slickest professional conductors that ever struck the town.

"What I was saying about not getting reasons when your badge is called in, does not always apply, however. Last week our super called a gay man up and asked for his badge and punch. The conductor asked why he was discharged and John K. just told him that it was because his memory was defective and he had failed to ring up.

"'Any specific case,' asked the conductor.

"'A man may miss a fare or two by accident on a crowded car.'

"It is unusual to get any reply in such cases, but he was such a nice conductor that Uncle John obliged him.

"'Specific? yes, quite so. It was a little matter of failing to ring up 51 fares upon a round trip yesterday afternoon.'

"'Oh!'" said the conductor, and departed.

STORY OF THE MARKLES.

HOW MITCHELL AND HIS UNION TREATED THEM.

Repudiation of Promise to Arbitrate Differences in the Strike of 1900, Recalled by Mr. Hewitt, an Instance of Irresponsibility of Labor Organization.

HAZLETON, Sept. 6.—Mr. Hewitt's second interview on the coal strike, printed in THE SUN this morning, in which he cites the flagrant breach of faith on the part of the striking miners in 1900 with the firm of G. B. Markle & Co., recalls vividly the prediction made by the late Father Phillips in his speech to the Markle miners from the steps of the Jeddo schoolhouse on the 19th of September last. The words of Mr. Hewitt bring out with much force the fact that the utterances of the clergyman on that occasion were those of a true prophet.

"Who hereafter," cried Father Phillips, with a passionate earnestness of entreaty which all who heard him will long remember, "who hereafter will have faith in an agreement made by a body of laborers if so plain and fair a contract as that entered into by the miners in the employ of G. B. Markle & Co. is deliberately violated? So far as the anthracite region is concerned, the failure of you men to abide by your agreement with the firm of G. B. Markle & Co. will put back the cause of arbitration in the settlement of labor troubles by twenty years. Your failure to abide by that agreement will be such a blow to the arbitration principle as never was struck before."

And yet the Markle miners deliberately did violate their agreement, and now the truth of the priest's words of warning is coming home to them. Their faithlessness to their solemn pledges is cited, in one of the strongest documents on the merits of the present strike which has appeared, as an overwhelming argument as to the futility of arbitration and as to the worthlessness of the most solemn agreements made by organizations without corporate responsibility.

Of the men in the employ of G. B. Markle & Co. in 1900, many, probably the great majority, broke with regret the agreement under which for fifteen years they had worked in entire harmony with their employers. Those who were not led away by misrepresentations and even deliberate falsehoods on the part of the labor leaders were terrorized and fairly dragooned into quitting work and dishonoring their pledged word. And Mr. John Mitchell, personally, was the chief exhorter in the crusade to make the Markle men scatter their promises to the wind.

The very meeting at which Father Phillips spoke the prophetic words above quoted was one which Mr. Mitchell endeavored to stampede. It was one which Mr. John Markle, the managing partner of the firm, had called. The labor agitators, most of whom for years had not known what labor was and who, on the rare occasions when they did work were found incompetent, had been buzzing like bees among the Markle men, telling them that their arbitration agreement was worthless, that the firm would never abide by it and that their only salvation was to break their word and join the union of which John Mitchell is the head.

To refute these falsehoods for once and for all, Mr. Markle called this meeting at the Jeddo schoolhouse. Mitchell, of course, heard of it. He was there haranguing a crowd of over one thousand miners when Mr. Markle and Father Phillips arrived. He had his say uninterrupted to the end. By every art of persuasion at his command he urged the men to violate their pledge that they would submit to arbitration their differences with their employers, to break their solemnly plighted word and quit work until the mine workers' union told them they might resume.

Than Mr. Markle spoke, telling the men, if they doubted the firm's good faith, to put it to the test, to submit their grievances to arbitration under the old plain and fair agreement to that end which had operated so successfully and had made industrial peace between the firm and its employees for fifteen years. After Mr. Markle had closed Father Phillips made his earnest plea and sounded his note of prophetic warning.

But it was all in vain. There was the plain agreement in writing signed individually by every miner in the Markle employ, and, in case he could not write his name, by his mark, made in the presence of witnesses. Urged on to do so personally by Mr. Mitchell himself, and under the intimidation and threats and persecutions of members of Mr. Mitchell's organization, the Markle miners deliberately repudiated their pledge and refused to submit to a board of arbitration the grievances which they alleged were the cause of their quitting work.

Here is the agreement itself to which all the miners had put their signatures or their marks:

Believing that arbitration is the proper method of settling all differences between employers and employees, we agree that under no consideration will we enter into a strike. Any differences we may have with our employers are to be settled by arbitration, viz., by our choosing a competent man and they (the Markles) choosing one, and, if those two men cannot agree, these two must choose a third, and their decision, or the decision of a majority of them, to be binding. It is further agreed that we will not be governed by any labor organization in settling any difficulties while in the employment of G. B. Markle & Co.

This agreement was made in 1885 and had been lived up to by both parties to the contract until, in 1900, through the personal influence of Mr. Mitchell and the labor agitators under him, it was repudiated by the men themselves, as above related.

The harmony which had so long existed between the Markles and their employees had resulted in many things calculated to improve the miners' conditions. The miners earned good wages, had good homes, their children were well dressed and went to excellent schools. Mrs. John Markle provided a corps of trained nurses for the exclusive benefit of the miners and their families in the event of sickness, nurses who reported for duty at the company's office as regularly every morning as the clerks, receiving information there of homes where their services were needed and doing their duty in those homes conscientiously and skilfully, for they were the best of nurses.

For all this the miners paid nothing. If they chose to have 75 cents a month deducted from their wages they and their families received medical attendance as well without further cost. And this was entirely optional.

In addition to this, Mr. John Markle built clubhouses here and there and stocked them with libraries, newspapers and periodicals. The men formed their own clubs and ran them in their own way. Mr. Markle built and equipped the houses only, putting on the clubs the one restriction that there must be no drinking or gambling in them.

All this harmonious state of affairs the advent of Mr. Mitchell and his agitators broke up. The Markle men were long idle in 1900 and have been idle longer still in the present strike. After their experience of two years ago, the Markles put no more faith in arbitration agreements and are standing out in rock-ribbed opposition to putting their business in the smallest way under the domination of an organization of which they have had experience only as a disturber of harmonious relations with their employees and as an advocate, even to the extent of physical violence, of repudiation of solemn pledges and of repudiation of the principle of arbitration itself.

There were a few of the Markle employees who remained steadfast even after the overwhelming majority had thrown their pledges to the wind. These few went so far as to formulate a list of ten grievances which they submitted to the firm in accordance with the terms of the arbitration agreement. By the terms of the agreement, also, the firm took ten days in which to consider the men's proposals. At the end of that time a reply was made to the men and given to the public as well. The firm granted certain of the miners' demands unreservedly, others they granted with amendments, others were refused.

In the regular course of events, under the agreement the terms that were refused and those that were amended would, in the event of failure of future efforts to come to an agreement, have been referred to a committee of arbitration, and the Markles expressed their willingness to have Archbishop Ryan named as the third arbitrator, notwithstanding the fact that it was then matter of current opinion, however well or ill founded, that the Archbishop's leanings were toward the strikers.

But by this time Mr. Mitchell and his agitators had succeeded so well in inducing the Markle men to repudiate their pledges that the matter never got any farther.

DON'T GO BROKE IN 'FRISCO.

Advice of a Man Who, Nevertheless, Had a Great Stroke of Luck There.

"One of these rainy evenings, pretty near due now, I'm going to sit down and write the first few chapters of that book I've had in mind for a long time past—'Towns I've Been Broke In,'" remarked a New Yorker, who is now a sedate and settled citizen. "The information that I've picked up at first hand on this topic ought to make readable and instructive stuff for young fellows possessed of the restless spirit.

"There are a lot of mean towns in the United States for a man to go broke in; but for real cragginess and hopelessness and no-way-out-ness just try going broke in San Francisco and see how near you'll get to taking the hop off the pier.

"The reason is that it's so hard to break away from the place. You see, that bunch of mountains between San Francisco and the Mississippi River is there to stay.

"You can't walk over 'em, either. It's a case of ride when you want to leave San Francisco, and it's a case, likewise, of paying for your ride. If you don't happen to have the little pasteboard when the conductor comes around and looks you in the eye, off you go, and you're pretty liable to get ditched in a patch of cacti or a section of sagebrush or a bit of desert just about 272 miles from nowhere at all.

"The conductor doesn't care for your sensibilities at all. Conductors who run over-the-mountains-and-deserts trains from San Francisco are real cruel, heartless persons, so they are. They don't mind it in the least if they have to pass by your bleaching bones, where they've dumped you, 365 days in the year. They're calloused to all that.

"You can generally stow away on one of the Panama boats, but then it's a case of coal-heaving when the purser nails you, and then you're dumped when you get down to the Isthmus. Its pretty hard to stow away on one of the up-boats on the other side of the Isthmus. I ought to know, but that's part of another narrative.

"The last time I found myself broke in San Francisco was about twelve years ago. I don't believe I was ever worse broke in my life. There came an evening when I walked along Kearney street with about the most stupendous desire to eat that I'd ever known up to that hour. The restaurants certainly did look warm and bright and glowing to me that evening. But I didn't have a red, and they weren't for me.

"I walked around aimlessly until I passed the Palace Hotel. I looked into the brilliant café of that hostelry and saw chaps lolling back in their places, the glow of the candles on their faces, and the petals of the roses falling gently to the tablecloths.

"'I think,' said I to myself, 'that I shall take dinner this evening inside here. The Palace is good enough for me.'

"So I walked into the café of the Palace. I objected to several places the headwaiter picked out for me, thereby showing that haughty individual that I knew what was what and gaining his respect from the jump. I told him that I wanted the right kind of a waiter, and he picked out the best man on his staff and sent him to me.

"I went through that Palace café menu from soup to nuts, and there weren't any wine on the card that suited me. That is, I intimated to the headwaiter, after sampling nearly all of the wines, that the Palace seemed to be pretty shy on good vintages.

"'I'll be within the shelter of the Five Courts in something under half an hour,' I reflected with great complaisance when I had ordered the waiter to bring me three of the best Reina Victorias in the house for a dollar, and had just finished the last pint of champagne, and stood ready for the coffee and cognac. But I was liable to've turned up there sooner or later, anyhow, and the Five Courts is a pretty good old sort of jail to strike with a replete stomach.

"The waiter brought me my cognac and coffee and cigars, and I lit one of the reinas and started in to smoke peacefully.

"'I s'pose it'll get into the papers,' I mused, 'about the chap with the iron nerve who walked into the Palace cafés and consumed about $23 worth of solids and liquids and then cheerfully admitted his inability to liquidate for the same,' and, on the whole, such was the pleasant influence of that swell feed, the contemplation seemed to me to be rather diverting.

"I was pursuing this thought with all of the ease in life, my waiter meanwhile standing at a respectful distance, waiting for me to ask for my check and toss him a couple-dollar bill as a tip, when I noticed a fellow with a Vandyke beard seated at a table about thirty feet to my right, gazing pretty hard at me. He looked and looked and looked at me.

"'That fellow's probably the house detective,' I thought, 'and he has tumbled to the fact that I am about to swing the house for some $23 worth of viands and drinkables. However, let him detect. It doesn't make any difference to me whether I'm yanked to the Five Courts by a hotel detective or by a——'

"Just as I got this far the man got up from his table and walked over to mine. His face gradually lighted up as he drew closer to me, and it was one broad grin when he held out his hand and called me cordially by my front name.

"I knew him then right away. He was a chap I'd known in New York a number of years before. The last I'd ever seen of him was when I'd gone on his note for $200 at a time when he got mixed up in a tangle with his firm on account of gambling.

"He'd jumped without ever making the note good, so that when it came due I'd had to pay it myself. I'd always felt pretty sore on him for that job, and I'd had it in mind for a number of years to do several and divers things to him if ever I met up with him again.

"Under the circumstances, however, I received him with calm cordiality, and he immediately began to explain to me about that note for $200, while he looked sheepish. Said that only a year before he'd mailed a check for $200 to me, and that it had come back to him, as I hadn't been in New York to receive it.

"He was having all kinds of prosperity on the slope, he said, and asked how they were coming for me. Never better, I told him, and then he reached into his breast pocket, pulled out his wallet, and handed me two nice, clean $100 notes, fresh and crisp from the Sub-Treasury.

"That, however, was bull-luck, for of all tough propositions in the way of a town to go broke in, San Francisco is in a class by itself."

BUFFALOES BRED ON A RANCH

MR. MOLERA'S EXPERIMENTS NEAR MONTEREY, CAL.

He Now Has a Herd of Fourteen—Thinks He Can Raise Buffaloes in Spite of the Failures of Others—Experiments in Cross Breeding—The Buffalo's Ways.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 2.—Some interesting experiments in breeding buffaloes are being carried on near Monterey. They promise to succeed in spite of the failure of similar experiments elsewhere.

About fifteen years ago it became apparent that the American bison, or buffalo, as it is commonly called, was being rapidly exterminated. In consequence every State and Territory where the animals were indigenous passed laws prohibiting the killing of them. The alarm was sounded a little late, however, as there were hardly enough buffaloes left to supply the circuses and menageries.

For some unknown reason those running wild on the Government reservations failed to multiply. Young were born, to be sure, but the births did not exceed the deaths from natural causes.

Since that time efforts have been made in different parts of the West to protect the few buffaloes left so that they could breed and perpetuate the species. In Colorado the experiment has been a failure on account of the intensely cold winters, and in Utah the result has been rather dubious, although the promoters of the enterprise think that they are on the right track.

It is likely that the failures so far have been due to lack of understanding of the habits of the buffalo. There is little doubt that the animals are naturally sensitive to changes of climate. In their wild state they used to travel south in the winter and north in the summer, so as to avoid extremes of heat and cold. In the experiments in Colorado and Utah this requirement was hardly complied with.

If the buffalo-breeding experiment is a success in California, the result will be largely due to the mild and equable climate. The experiment in this State has been made by Esteban J. Molera, and after nearly six years of work he is more encouraged than ever. He has studied the buffalo carefully, and in his experiment has endeavored to keep as close to Nature as possible.

Mr. Molera began in the autumn of 1890 by purchasing a magnificent bull. He had the animal taken to his Point Sur ranch in Monterey county and turned loose on the range. The buffalo was contented from the start and soon became fat. Seeing that the winter climate agreed with the bull, Mr. Molera sent to Nebraska for a buffalo cow, and he turned her also out on the range.

That was in 1891. In 1892 a fine bull calf was born that has now grown to maturity and is in the best of health. Encouraged by his success Mr. Molera obtained four more cows. All of them gave birth to calves that are now nearing two years old. Some of the cows have given birth to two calves.

Including his purchases, Mr. Molera's herd now numbers fourteen. He has not lost a single full-bred calf, and the entire herd is in the best of health and spirits. If the buffaloes multiply in the same ratio in the future as in the past, the herd will increase to more than one hundred in the next seven years.

In addition to his experiments with full-blooded buffaloes, Mr. Molera has also tried the effect of crossing the buffalo with Galloway cows. The result at first was not so encouraging as that with the full breeds. In the first season four calves were born, but three of them died.

The fourth, however, grew up in good health, and Mr. Molera thinks that the loss of the others was due to carelessness on the part of the men who cared for them. Since then other calves have been born and all appear to be in good health.

All of the half-breed calves were females. Some of these calves are now nearly three years old, and an effort has been made to cross them again, and it promises to succeed. To avoid inbreeding, Mr. Molera has put the first buffalo bull purchased out in Golden Gate Park and substituted for him on his ranch a famous buffalo bull known as Ben Harrison.

The crossing with the half-breed Galloways will produce animals three-quarters buffalo, and if they prove strong and hardy, Mr. Molera will obtain other buffalo bulls from different parts of the country and conduct his experiments until he has produced an animal fifteen-sixteenths buffalo. He thinks that when that stage has been reached he will have an almost distinct breed of cattle.

The effect of crossing is a much more interesting and important matter than the simple breeding of the full-blooded buffaloes, which is, after all, more a matter of science and sentiment than anything else. In the case of the buffalo only a small part of the animal makes good food, and the skin can be used only for robes. On the other hand, all of the half-breeds' flesh makes good meat. The skin makes fine leather, and has a finer and thicker growth of hair than the full-bred buffalo. Some of the crossed cattle, in fact, have fur almost as fine as sealskin, only the hairs are much longer.

Mr. Molera has made a special effort to keep all his buffaloes contented. As soon as he detects any sign of restlessness, he has the herd moved to another ranch. The animals have passed their time between Point Sur ranch below Monterey and Moro Ojo ranch near Castroville. All show the need of change at the same time. They are driven the entire distance between the two places. After they have made the trip they are quiet and contented for a few months.

Part of the time they are kept on wild land and have to get their living off the natural vegetation, and then they are kept in alfalfa fields for a few days. The idea has been to let them do as they please. Sheds are erected in different parts of the ranges which they can occupy if they choose, but no effort is made to house them.

It is to this method that Mr. Molera thinks his success is due as much as to any thing else, because when an animal becomes restless it loses its appetite and soon grows thin.

"The obstacles encountered in breeding and cross-breeding buffaloes at the Point Sur ranch would fill a book," said a man connected with the experiment. "The foremost difficulty results from the bull buffalo's disposition, which is ferocious and vindictive. The first bull brought here, was a mountain buffalo, and was so docile that he was led around by a rope tied to his horns. The other bull buffalo, Ben Harrison, is of a different disposition, though everywhere recognized as the biggest and handsomest buffalo in existence.

"No fence is sufficient to restrain him. When he arrived he tossed the fence posts about like so many tenpins, and rolled in barbed wire with glee, snapping it into fragments, which he bore around in his curly hair like so many bristling bayonets, making him a formidable object to approach. Don Vicente, another buffalo on the Sur ranch, has already killed two buffalo bulls, and is now incarcerated behind another stout stockade. Unlike the bulls, the cows and heifers are inoffensive, and roam their pastures, giving no more trouble than any breed of domestic cattle."

Nationalities in Hawaii.

From the Honolulu Star.

There is no place in the world where such various nationalities, and such widely different races can be found in so small an area. It is true that on the mainland such races are to be found, but not all in one spot. Few people realize how many different nationalities are to be found in our schools and that few schools are confined to one nationality. The statistics of school children give us Hawaiians, part Hawaiians, American, British, German, Portuguese, Scandinavian, Japanese, Chinese, Porto Ricans and scattering, classed as "other foreigners." The tabulation of teachers gives Hawaiian, part Hawaiian, American, British, German, French, Belgian, Scandinavian, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese and others. The Japanese and Chinese teachers are not employed in the public schools of the Territory, but are engaged in private schools. The main body of the teachers in the public schools is American, Hawaiian, part Hawaiian and British.